

# BUILT AN EIGHTY-TON SHIP

South Sea Missionary Who Wanted to Reach His Island Home Proved His Ingenuity.

A person engaged in missionary work in the South seas has told of the ingenuity of an American missionary in the Society Islands, who, though he knew that to reaching of this carpenter and was, besides, almost destitute of tools, once accomplished the construction of a vessel of 80 tons' burden. It should be added, however, that in his youth this missionary had been apprenticed to an ironmaker.

It appears that, being desirous to reach more distant tribes, this missionary left his home in Raiatea and took passage on a trading vessel for Harotonga, 800 miles distant. He learned soon after his arrival that ships rarely touched port at that island; and when his visit had extended over several months with no sight of a sail he began to wonder how he should ever get back. Finally, impelled by the stress of the situation, he determined to make a ship by which he could leave the island. The novelty and audacity of this plan amazed and fascinated the natives, who helped him with a will. Pieces of old metal from wrecks and an auger and carpenter's pincers, with several hatchets and knives, trophies of former adventures by the islanders with white sailors, made up his whole outfit of iron and tools.

First he erected a stone forge and tried to equip his establishment with a gooskin bellows, but as it was impossible to protect the leather from the rain he substituted a kind of rude air pump, an apparatus that the natives greatly admired. He never lacked hands to blow it. He found plenty of timber—coconut and banyan. Having no saw he made his planks by splitting trees and the islanders smoothed them after a fashion with the hatchets and knives. Wood with a natural crook supplied the knees, wooden pins served for nails and the calking of the seams was done with banana stumps and coconut fiber in place of oakum.

After long and patient toil the missionary and his native assistants launched a craft that rode the water. Somehow he contrived, with his amateur native crew, to navigate the vessel safely to his Raiatea home.

## New Use for Sour Milk.

It is now pretty generally believed that sour milk has certain medicinal qualities not possessed by sweet milk. The lactic acid organisms which it contains seem to act as purifiers and disinfectants. It is therapeutic as well as nourishing, and, according to Elie Metchnikoff, promotes a healthy old age and long life.

The fact that the Iowa agricultural experiment station has recently developed a new sour milk food in the shape of lactic acid ice cream is of interest, therefore, to the hygienists as well as the confectioners and soda fountain folks. It is made just as is ordinary ice cream, except that sour milk is substituted for sweet milk. According to the inventors, lactic acid ice cream is very palatable and possesses a certain piquant twang which renders it peculiarly grateful in hot weather. They see "no reason why 'lacto' should not, within a reasonable time become just as popular as sherbet."

## Making It All Right.

Marks—I know your wife didn't like it because you took me home unexpectedly to dinner last night.

Parks—Nonsense! Why, you hadn't been gone two minutes before she remarked that she was glad it was no one else but you.

## Another Blow at the Sex.

"Men," said the city salesman, "have a lot more sentiment than women. The photographs on the desks of people I visit on business prove that. In the course of a day I talk to about an equal number of men and women. Many of the men keep the picture of the only woman in the world standing in plain view on the desk, but not one woman in a thousand glances her soul with the photograph of the only man."

"It is owing to one of the unjust rules of men that they don't," said the stenographer. "If women office workers in a bunch ever turn suffragettes that photographic restriction will be partly to blame. It is stipulated in most other offices that no woman employee shall sully the virgin purity of her desk with the picture of a man."

## Reply Unexpected.

Wordsworth on one occasion, when talking to his wife, referred to a time when, "as you know, I was better looking."

"But, my dear," replied she, "you were always very ugly."—Scribner's Magazine.

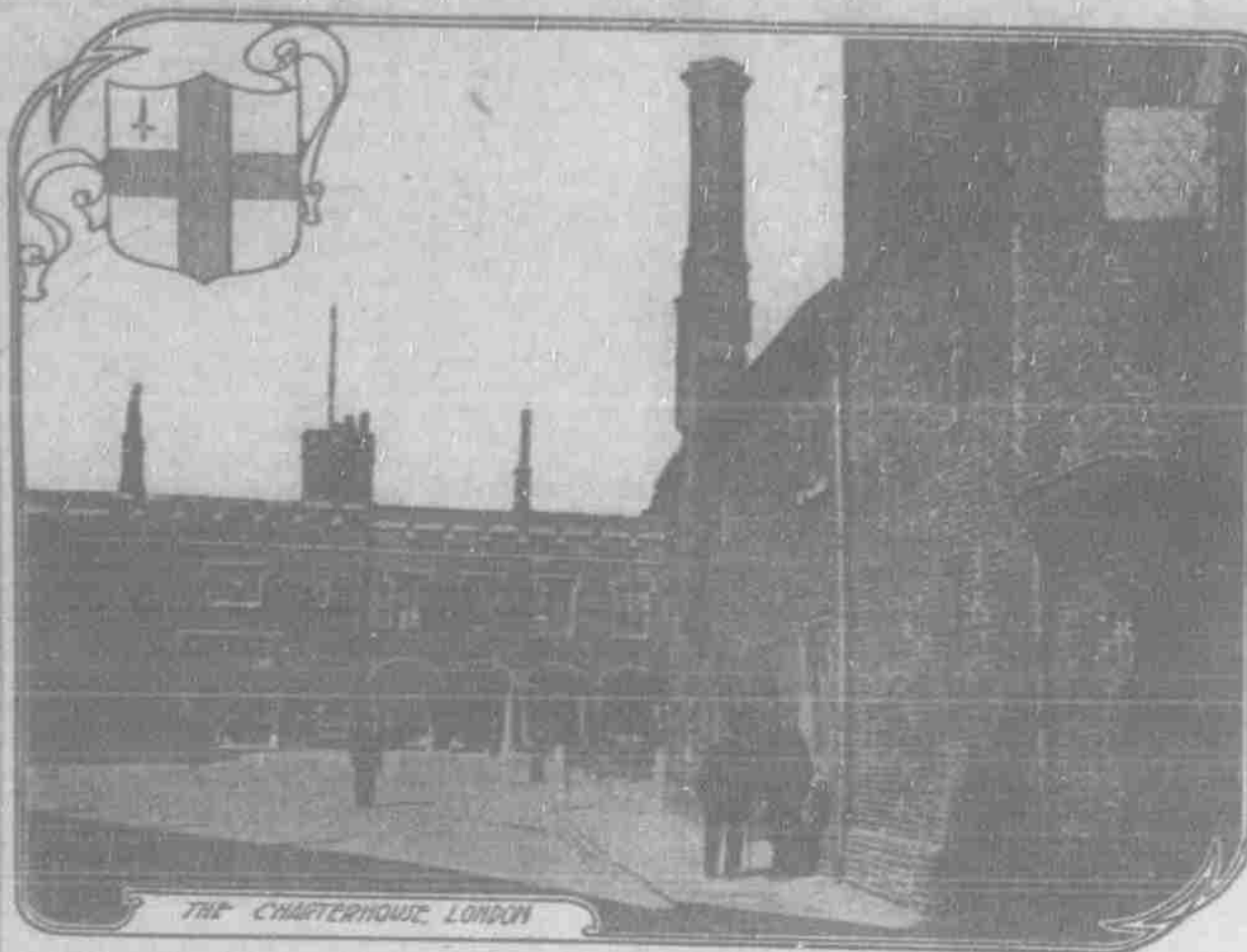
## Never Could See It Here.

The little Chicago girl had returned from her first vacation. "You see lots of funny things when you're in the country," she said. "Out there when it's dark the sky's got a great white streak across it they call the milky way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Different.

"I saw a man the other day at hard labor working out his sentence." "Ah, an unfortunate criminal." "No, an anxious author."

# WHERE COLONEL NEWCOME ENDED HIS DAYS



THE CHARTERHOUSE LONDON

IN this, the centennial year of William Makepeace Thackeray, visitors to London have been especially eager to seek out the places intimately connected with the books of the great novelist. One of these is the Charterhouse, a hospital for poor gentlemen founded by Thomas Sutton in 1531. To this retreat Colonel Newcome in "The Newcomes" goes to end his days after the loss of his fortune. Thackeray draws a touching picture of the colonel's life among the Poor Brothers, and of his death in a room in the old buildings. In the accompanying photograph the buildings at the right date from the medieval Carthusian monastery, and those in the background are more modern dwellings for the Poor Brothers.

# DREAM REVEALS \$300

Lost Money Found in Home of the Accuser.

Police Are Not Convinced and Arrest of Furniture Dealer Is Ordered After Investigation of Mystery.

St. Louis.—When Assistant Chief of Police Gillaspay declined to allow his poetic conception of things to be swayed by any suggestion of the occult and in consequence ordered the arrest of Louis P. Brach, thirty-three years old, who conducts a furniture store at 2618 Franklin avenue, he spoiled a good "dream" yarn.

Brach was arrested at 1238 Montgomery street, his home, by Special Officers Doyle and Murphy of the Day-ton station and Ira Cooper of headquarters after the latter had worked up the case.

Brach is accused by the police of being responsible for the departure of three \$100 bills from the home of Mrs. M. E. Nichols, living at 1702 Chestnut street. Mrs. Nichols said that Brach called at her house to collect a \$10 bill, and she said she placed the three big bills on her bed while paying the smaller amount. The bills disappeared. She searched for them and even went to Brach's store.

Brach, she said, denied all knowledge of the bills, and said Mrs. Nichols must have misplaced them. He said she ought to search the house thoroughly before making any such accusation. Mrs. Nichols then told the police about the case, and Cooper went with her to the Brach store. He and Mrs. Nichols claim that Brach again insisted that Mrs. Nichols was mistaken.

"I am so convinced that you have misplaced the money that I will be willing to pay \$250 for the privilege of searching your house on the chance of finding the \$300," Brach is said to have declared.

Mrs. Nichols wanted to take him up, but Cooper would not permit. He says that he and Mrs. Nichols left the Brach store and that Brach and his wife followed, Brach all the way pleading with Mrs. Nichols to make no accusation until she had thoroughly searched her home. At the house Mrs. Brach asked to be allowed to search. "I had a dream about this money," she is said to have declared. "I am good at finding things, and this dream ought to lead me to it."

She asked the way to the parlor and inquired if there was a bookcase there. Mrs. Nichols said there was. Mrs. Brach went into the room. She told Mrs. Nichols the money ought to be in the bookcase, if the dream were true. Then, the officer and Mrs. Nichols state, Mrs. Brach went to the bookcase. She fumbled in it for a moment and then with a cry fell back, apparently fainting.

"There it is. Look there. Didn't I tell you I could find it? I am good at finding things," Cooper said Mrs. Brach cried.

Mrs. Nichols went to the spot indicated and there found the three missing bills. She was positive she had not placed them there. Brach and his wife were equally as positive they had not put the bills there, and so Cooper decided to put it up to Chief Gillaspay. He brought Mrs. Nichols and the bills to headquarters. After Gillaspay had heard the story he ordered the arrest of Brach.

Brach is well connected here and both he and his wife insist the police and Mrs. Nichols are wrong.

Mrs. Brach is gifted with a remarkable mind for finding lost articles. A few months ago her husband lost a valuable diamond stud, which Mrs. Brach found in a joint of the ceiling of a new-erected addition to their home. Shortly afterward she found a \$20 bill in a handkerchief which her husband had thrown into a clothes hamper.

Blow Wins Man and Money  
Railroad Gate Figures in Pretty Little Romance Having Its Inception at Spokane, Wash.

Spokane, Wash.—A slap in the face was won for Miss Marjorie R. King of Spokane a husband, a happy home and \$125,000.

One of the prettiest romances ever known in Spokane, starting with an accident, culminated the other afternoon when Rev. E. L. House of the Westminster Congregational church joined in wedding John H. Starbird, partner of T. E. Westlake in the grocery and provision business, and Miss King, a Spokane hairdressing expert. Starbird is forty-five years of age and was a widower, while the new Mrs. Starbird is twenty-three.

While riding in Starbird's automobile the machine approached the railroad crossing. The gates were open and the party started to cross the tracks. Then the long arm of the wooden gate fell across the automobile just in time to strike Miss King, the blow knocking her unconscious.

# HARVESTER AT WORK

Incouneted Miles of Bountiful Crops Make Glad the Farmers of Western Canada.

## YIELD WILL BE RECORD ONE

Practically Beyond Reach of Accident, the Fruit of the Fertile Fields Is Being Gathered—Elevators and Railroads Will Be Taxed to Their Capacity.

On a beautiful Saturday afternoon, four weeks ago, the writer started for a twenty-mile drive into the country, from one of the hundred or more new towns that have been well started during the past spring, in the Province of Saskatchewan, in Western Canada. Mile after mile, and mile after mile, was traversed through what was one continuous wheat field, the only relief to the scene being the roadways that led back into other settlements, where would have been repeated the same great vista of wheat.

What a wealth! Here were hundreds and thousands, and millions of bushels of what was declared to be a quality of grain equal to any that has ever been grown in the province. As we drove on and on I thought of those fellows down on the Board of Trade at Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Duluth. While they were exploiting each other's energies the farmer of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba was contemplating how much he would realize out of his crop, now past any danger of accident, over what his anticipations were, two months ago. One man said to me: "The profits of that field of wheat will give me sufficient money to purchase 320 acres of land, for which the railway company is asking \$8,400, and pay it in cash." Another, with a field of flax—it was only 230 acres—said



Steam Plowing in Western Canada.

he could do the same and still have a balance in the bank. Flax produces wonderfully well, and the current price is about \$2.50 per bushel. We then drove over into another township, getting further back from the railway, and the main traveled road. Here we found ourselves in the center of a Swedish settlement. Those forming the settlement were originally from Nebraska, invited to put up our horses and stay over for dinner, and a dinner that was enjoyed not only on account of the generous appetite created by the exhilarating drive, but also because of the clean linen, the well-prepared dishes of roast fowl, potatoes, cabbage, and a delightful dessert, some of the history of the settlement was learned. The host and hostess were modest in describing their own achievements, and equally modest as to those of their friends, but enough was learned to satisfy us that they had come there about three years ago, in moderate, almost poor, circumstances. Most of them had received their homesteads as a gift from the government, and by careful diligence had purchased and paid for adjoining land. They had plenty of cattle and horses, some sheep and hogs, and large well-kept gardens, showing an abundance of potatoes and cabbage and other vegetables. Their buildings were good. Schools were in the neighborhood and there was evidence of comfort everywhere.

On to the Park Country.  
Reluctant to leave these interesting people, the horses thoroughly rested, were "booked up" and driven on, under a sun still high in the heavens, with the horses pulling on the bit and traveling at a 12-mile an hour gait over a road that would put to shame many of the macadamized streets, we were whirled along a sinuous drive through the woods and then out in the park country.

Here was another scene of beauty, groves of poplar, herds of cattle, fenced fields of wheat and oats and barley and flax. Here was wealth, and happiness and surely contentment. The crops were magnificent. The settlers, most of them, by the way, from Iowa, had selected this location because of its beauty. Its entire charm was wholesome. Fuel was in abundance, the soil was the best, the shelter for the cattle afforded by the groves gave a splendid supply of food, while hay was easy to get. They lived it. Here was a sturdy farmer, with his three boys. He had formerly been a merchant in an Iowa town, his children had been given a college education and one of the boys was about to marry the accomplished daughter of a neighboring farmer.

Through Land of Wealth.  
The invitation to remain to supper was accepted, but that given to remain over night was tabled. It was only a 25-mile drive into town over the best of roads, through such a

splendid country, all one beautiful picture, and such an opportunity to use one's imagination in figuring up the amount of the wealth of the crops through which the trip into town took us, was not to be enjoyed every day. And away we started.

It was delightful. We drove and drove through avenues of wheat, which today, having yellowed with the beneficent sun, is being laid low by the reaper, stacked and threshed by the thousands of hands required to do it, and in great wagons is being taken to the elevator.

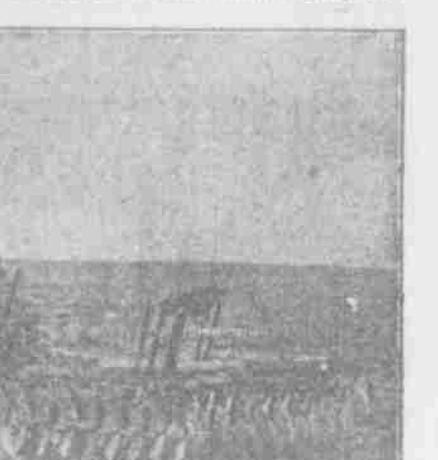
A night's ride by train took us through 255 miles of this great province of Saskatchewan—into the southwestern part—and from appearances it might have been as though a transfer had been made across a township. There were wheat fields, oat fields, barley fields and flax fields, and many more that could not be seen. Yet there they were, and during the night we had passed through a country similarly cultivated.

It will all secure a market and get its way to ocean or local mill by means of the great railways whose well-arranged systems are penetrating everywhere into the agricultural parts.

## Prosperous Alberta.

We afterward went over into Alberta, and here again it was grain and cattle, cattle and grain, comfortable farm homes, splendidly built cities and towns, the best of churches and the most thoroughly equipped schools.

While talking with a Southern Saskatchewan farmer he said that the land he was working, and for which he had been offered \$60 an acre, had been purchased five years ago for \$12 an acre, but he won't sell. He is making a good profit on his land at \$60 an acre, and why should he sell? Farther north, land was selling at from \$15 to \$18 and \$20 an acre. It was learned afterward that the soil was similar to that in the south, the price of which today is \$60 an acre. The climate was similar and the markets as good. In fact the only difference was that today these northern lands occupy the same position that the more southerly ones did five years ago, and there are found many who



Steam Plowing in Western Canada.

say they will come into a price nearer their legitimate value of \$50 or \$60 an acre quite as quickly as the southerly lands. And I believe it.

Throughout all this great country, practically 500 by 400 miles square, there are still a great many homesteads which are given free to actual settlers. Many who have secured patents for their homesteads consider their land worth from \$15 to \$25 per acre.

## Immense Crops Assured.

Throughout the southern portion of Alberta, a district that suffered more or less last year from drouth, there will be harvested this year one of the best crops of fall wheat, winter wheat, oats, flax and alfalfa that has ever been taken off these highly productive lands.

In Central Alberta, which comprises the district north of Calgary and east two hundred miles, through Camrose, Sedgewick, Custer, Red Deer, Wetaskiwin, Edmonton, Lacombe, Vegreville, Tofield, Vermilion and a score of other localities, where are settled large numbers of Americans, the wheat, oats and flax, three weeks ago, was standing strong and erect, large heads and promising from 30 to 35 bushels of wheat and as high as 100 bushels of oats on carefully tilled fields, while flax would probably yield from 15 to 18 bushels per acre. In these parts the harvesters are busy today gathering this great crop and it will shortly be known whether the great anticipations are to be realized.

Throughout all parts of Saskatchewan, whether north, south, east or west, the same story was heard, and the evidence was seen of the splendid and bountiful crop.

## Rich Yield in Manitoba.

In Manitoba it was the same. The fields of grain that were passed through in this province promised to give to the growers a bumper yield, and as high as 35 bushels of wheat and 60 bushels of oats was freely discussed.

It would appear as if the expectation of an average of 25 bushels of wheat throughout the three provinces would be met.

In a few days the 40,000,000-bushel elevator capacity throughout the country will be taxed, the 25,000,000 bushels capacity at Fort William and Port Arthur will be taken up, and the railways and their equipment will be called upon for their best. Today the great, broad, yellow fields are industrial havens, the self-binder is at work in its giant task of reducing into sheaves the standing grain, the harvesters are busy stacking and stacking the sheaves, the large box wagons are taking it to the elevators, and no matter where you go it is the same story and a picture such as can only be seen in the great grain fields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

# DEATHS FROM HEAT

Records of Many Decades for Fatalities Are Broken.

Munich Savant Says High Temperature Depletes Body of Necessary Salt—Speaking Stones Cause Much Alarm.

London.—When the statistics from the various European countries are gathered it probably will be found that last month beat the records of many decades for heat fatalities. Following on the theory that the living human organism is merely a compound of chemical combinations, Dr. George Hirth, a Munich specialist, propounds a new explanation of the direct cause of death from heat stroke, which he attributes to electrolytic disturbances due to the abstraction of salt from the system.

His investigations show that persons who perspire copiously, especially those who perform heavy physical labor in hot weather, may lose in the course of a single day thousands of grams of moisture containing from two-thirds to four-fifths of 1 per cent. of salt. He comes to the conclusion that the human body under these conditions may lose as much as thirty grams, and in extreme cases forty grams of salt a day, an amazing quantity, which is not replaced in the ordinary course by food.

Drinking large quantities of water is of no avail; although it has this advantage, that water attracts the remaining salt reserves of the body and prevents thickening of the blood,

which otherwise would cause giddiness, the first warning of impending heat collapse.

Dr. Hirth recalls that some forty years ago the inmates of some German prisons were deprived of salt, under the mistaken notion that salt was a luxury, not a necessity. The consequence was that prisoners collapsed with precisely the same symptoms as those observed in heat stroke. He further adduces in support of his theory the fact that indulgence in alcohol in hot weather enormously increases the danger of collapse, this being explained by the fact that alcohol is an enemy to the saline electrolyte.

Dr. Hirth expresses the opinion that heat stroke means simply starvation of the body for lack of salt.

Superstitious persons have been alarmed by the simultaneous appearance, near Paris and Lisbon, of the so-called "speaking stones"—rocks in the river beds of the Seine and the Tagus, which only come in sight during a severe drought and which, legend says, indicate further heat and drought to come, with death and disease in their train.

The French stone has chiseled upon its surface the words: "Whoever sees me shall weep, for the world has wept whenever I was seen." The stone was first noticed in 1370. The Lisbon stone was observed in 1755, when an earthquake destroyed the city, and since then only once for a short time, in 1872. It bears the inscription: "Whoever sees me knows that I foretell evil."

## OIL ON ROAD KILLS FLIES

Expert of Massachusetts Town Says Tarvis Destroys Eggs and Larvae of Little Insects.

Lenox, Mass.—A Lenox entomologist asserts that the absence of flies along oiled highways is due to the destruction of the eggs and larvae by the application of tarvis and the by-products of oil which are being used to prevent dust. After conducting a series of experiments the Lenox man has found that there is almost a total absence of the stable or biting fly.

The Lenox experimenter says that tarvis has practically killed the breeding places of the stable fly and that there are fewer house flies.

Since it has been established that typhoid germs are carried by flies, also Asiatic cholera, and that there is strong evidence that the fly is also the carrier of tuberculosis and other diseases, the discovery that oiling highways lessens the common fly and almost entirely exterminates the stable fly appears to be of the highest importance.

## Tot Falls Seven Stories.

New York.—Dolena De La Monte, seven, fell from the roof of her home, seven stories to the pavement. She was picked up unhurt and crying because her dress was dirty. The girl struck a clothes line during the descent, breaking the fall.

## Germans on Tour.

Berlin.—The Union of Merchants and Industrialists, the leading commercial association of Berlin, is planning to visit the United States.